THE DODGE CITY TIMES

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FORESHADOWINGS.

When morning from her rosy palaces
Flushes the quiet land;
When noon spreads through the spaces of the air
Her sunshine still and bland;
When crimson sunsets make the sky-heights grand;

When twilight gathers in the lonely east
And shade the world enshrouds,
And over dusky roofs and darkening fields
The swallows fly in crowds,
And evening floats afar upon the yellow clouds;

When through the hush of purple summer nights
The charmed moonlight shines,
And dewy roses load the silent air
With odors rich as wines,
When breezes sing of ocean in the pines;

When white birds sweep along a stormy sky;
When far beneath the eyes
A wide brown wilderness of leafless woods
Stretches to sullen skies;
When over barren seas the western glory dies;

When winter lives in radiant purity,
And all the winds breathe low,
And the remote blue sky spreads far and near
Over white wastes of snow,
Where evergreens keep faith with springs dead long ago;

Whenever beauty draws the wondering eye
And fills the wondering mind;
Whenever beauty in then fades away
And leaves no trace behind
Save that coarse matter by itself refined;—

Then what strange longing, what far-off regret,
Prescience, or memory,
Haunts the dull sense with hints of things unknown,
With the vague mystery
Of something that has been, or that is yet to be!

Is it some dim remembrance, faintly stirred,
Of unrecorded time,
Of life that was, maybap, but only is
In some wild dream or rhyme—
Of other infancy, of older growth and prime?

Is it the pathos of desire or loss
That brings unbidden tears?
That want of something that we can not find
Within the restless years?
Shadows of joy that brighten alien spheres?

Or is it a fore-gleam of perfect light,
Of utter blessedness,
Of far-away content, beyond the good
That mortal minds can guess,
Of glory that God's presence shall possess?

H. H. Hudson, in Harper's Magazine.

The St. Gothard Tunnel.

Six hours in the bowels of the earth, attended with as severe physical exertion as I ever went through in the same space of time; six hours in an atmosphere rapidly alternating between the heat of an oven and the clammy chill of a wet morning in late October, beside being thickly impregnated with the smell of exploded dynamite and the greasy, sickening smoke from innumerable oil lamps of the most primitive construction; in addition, no slight percentage of danger from being crushed by passing trains or single trucks loaded with building material or debris, knocked in the head by the pick of some vigorous workman, unseen and unseeing, in the gloom, or brained by a stone from the arched roof, loosened by an explosion of dynamite in the floor below—such are the necessary experiences to be gone through by any individual desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the present condition of this most gigantic enterprise.

On arriving in the Alpine village of Goschenen the traveler who has visited the Western frontier districts of America will be struck with the resemblance of this place to the settlements in the Western wilds which are just beginning to assume the garb of civilization. Regularly-built stone houses and hotels are surrounded by wooden shanties of simple, unplaned board construction, with the interiors fitted with rough tables, benches and sleeping bunks for the accommodation of the workmen in the Swiss end of the tunnel. The engineer's office of the tunnel division is a small, barren-looking room, in which I found Monsieur Zollinger, in charge of this portion of the line, who not only readily acceded to my request to visit the tunnel, but volunteered to take me with him on his tour of inspection, which he repeats four times per week. At two p. m. I was shown into a grimy room containing a bench, rough washstand and a grating, behind which a stock of dingy clothing was hanging. This was the "dressing-room," where necessary preparations are made before entering the yawning mouth of the tunnel. I had put on my long wax boots and with a waterproof coat considered myself capitally equipped for any subterranean exploration. To my surprise M. Zollinger directed me to doff my waterproof as well as my coat, felt hat and tie. M. Zollinger himself donned a rough garb, and then needed his spectacles to even faintly distinguish him from any ordinary "navvy." With a greasy cap and well-oiled and tarred blue linen blouse, I mounted the little locomotive, which was to transport our train to the point where the compressed air locomotive would relieve it. As we scrambled into the corners of the dirty machine, I could not help contrasting M. Zollinger's equipment and means of making his rounds of inspection with those which an American engineer would have sported in like circumstances. The latter would have invented a natty dress, suitable for the work, yet readily distinguishable from the workmen's garb; then he would have had a light steel hand-car, with cushioned seats for three persons and cranks for two men to work the machine behind him. This car could be easily lifted off and on the track when trains were encountered, and the engineer would have made his rounds in one-quarter the time and with one-tenth the physical wear and tear of the St. Gothard member of the fraternity.

The tunnel is perfectly straight from end to end, and the engineers met each other so accurately that their center lines were within a hand's breadth of an exact coincidence. As the headings approached each other, the explosions of dynamite were distinctly audible through nearly 400 meters (1,325 feet) of intervening rock. The total length is fifteen kilometers (nine and one-third miles). The grade ascends uniformly from Goschenen to the summit of the tunnel, which is 1,154 meters above the sea level, and forty-five meters (148½ feet) above Goschenen; while it is only nine meters above the mouth at Airolo. The ascent from Goschenen to the summit is 5.82 per cent., while the descent to Airolo is 1.25 per cent. The summit of the tunnel is 300 meters (890 feet) below the surface at Andermatt, and 2,000 meters (6,600 feet) beneath the peak of Kastelhorn, of the St. Gothard group. This tunnel summit is 1,154 meters, the Mont Cenis Tunnel summit is 1,338 meters, and the Pacific Railway summit is 2,513 meters above the sea level. There are no air shafts in the St. Gothard Tunnel, the two entrances being the only openings. When the mechanical operations cease inside, and the many existing obstructions to a free passage of air, such as scaffoldings, heaps of debris and unfinished parts near the center, are done away with, there will be nothing unpleasant in the passage through this tremendous tunnel, which is 2,700 meters (one and five-eighths of a mile) longer than that through Mont Cenis.

The engineers assert that the tunnel will be ready for traffic by the 1st of January next, although the whole line from Lucerne to Biasca will not be opened until next July. Although this great enterprise is successfully approaching completion, and that is the best evidence of good management, there is room for some improvement in what may be called the niceties of construction. The means of access to the tunnel could be advantageously improved. There is too much delay in getting the shifts of men to their work, much valuable time being lost at the points where they have to change trains. Another thing struck me as being desirable. There was certain absence of clearing up the completed portions of the tunnel, and this, of course, necessitates needless expense in sending gangs of men to places where there should be nothing to do. There is nothing to prevent ballasting being finished wherever the tunnel is completed, and the temporary track, transferred to this improved surface, would be much safer, and fewer accidents, with consequent loss of life, and money, would occur. There is also an absence of scientific methods of lighting the great passage. Money would have been saved by a more general system of illumination. In fact, the general impression made upon a foreign professional mind is that of "main strength and awkwardness" to a greater extent than one would expect to find in this highly inventive and suggestive age. There is no doubt in my mind that a large majority of the cases of injury to the employees has been due to the absence of a general system of lighting the tunnel, and of those more scientific details embraced in my phrase of "the niceties of construction."—*Cor. London Times.*

How to Get Rich.

There are two ways to get rich—the right way and the wrong way; the easy way and the impossible way; the common way and the rare way. And of course the wrong and impossible way is the common way.

To be rich is to have all the money you want, is it not? And the common way of trying to get rich is to try to get money enough for one's wants. The ineradicable and unconquerable difficulty in this way is that the wants always grow faster than the money pile. You want to be rich enough to hire a horse and buggy; when you begin to hire, you want to own a horse; when you drive your own horse, you want to own a span; when you have a span, you want a pony for the children. A hundred millions ought to be a comfortable competence; but Mr. Vanderbilt has lately been a large borrower of money. When a man buys railroads as other men buy horses he may be in straightened circumstances though he has fifty millions in United States bonds. The more money a man has the poorer he is, if he has not learned to moderate his desires as well as to accumulate his supplies. Baron Munchausen's horse, cut in two by the descending gate as his rider was escaping from the castle, drank unceasingly at the spring by the roadside, to the amazement of his rider, till looking back he discovered that the unfortunate beast was cut off just behind the saddle, and that the water he was taking in in front was running out behind. An insatiable spirit is worse than Baron Munchausen's horse; the more it drinks the thirstier it grows.

The only way to be rich is to keep one's desires within his income. If one wants what five cents can buy, and he has ten cents, he is wealthy. A bright dime to a street arab is greater wealth than a thousand dollars to a merchant prince. The right way to be rich is never to want what you cannot buy; then you always have as much money as you want. This is the easy way. No man can regulate the contents of his purse; every man can regulate the quality of his desires. Capital is not within every man's attainments; contentment is. He is wealthy who has learned two arts: first, how to be contented with what he can get; second, how to use what he has. Abraham Lincoln had a better library in the single coverle-s book which he read by the light of the pitch-pine knots in the Kentucky cabin than the man who has lined the walls of what he ironically calls his library with calfskin bindings at so much a square foot. It is always easy to have plenty of money; spend less than you earn. It is always easy to have all the money you want; want less than you have. The cases of actual suffering from cold, nakedness or hunger are in this country very rare In all other cases Paul's prescription for wealth is the best that was ever devised: "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." The lesson he learned in prison in Rome is worth all the lessons taught in college—business or otherwise—since the world began: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."—*Christian Union.*

Women as Telegraph Operators.

An official of the Western Union Company, speaking of men as telegraphers, said to the reporter: "The general public has a very insufficient idea of what it owes to female operators. Little more than five years ago we were the slaves of our men. They formed a high-priced, a thoroughly independent body. They made money and spent it. Telegraph operators are as Bohemian in their instincts as actors and newspaper men. They never work while they have cash or credit to play on. Their pay-days fall bi-monthly, and every pay-day left us crippled for operators till the roystering absentees had run their money through. If we ventured to expostulate, they would refuse to work at all. If we expressed disapprobation at any thing they did they would let messages accumulate till there would be half a day's, and even longer, delay in the most important business. There was no actual trades' union among them, but they stuck together and had things pretty much their own way.

"Then the suggestion was made that we should employ women as operators. The late President Orton was the originator of this idea. His friends would frequently send young ladies, who had learned telegraphy in private schools, to him for employment, and he knew that a number whom he had found positions in business houses for were capable of excellent work. Finally we employed a few on the short and easy lines. They did their work admirably. They were not as fast as the men, and could not work the heavy distance wires. But for all ordinary work they were quite capable and satisfactory.

"The male operators made a vigorous kick, and distinguished themselves by no little boorishness toward their sister professors, but they had to cave in. They made a strike of it and held out for a week, when the usual break-up occurred, and they staggered in till all were forced to terms. From that time forth the public were better served than it had ever been before. The old rule or ruin reign of the dandy operator was over. But the greatest convenience the employment of women rendered possible was the establishment of the small local offices in hotels and the up-town districts, where it would never have paid to keep a high-toned male operator at a salary of almost as much as the office brought in. Many of our local offices were at the start attended to by young women who took commission on their returns as pay. Now, however, we have them all under salary. Out of town we have hundreds, I was going to say, of offices in the care of female operators. They are small offices, at places where a man would not stay. For instance, at a village of a couple of score of houses we could not afford to keep an operator at a city salary. But by paying some young girl who lives there twenty-five or thirty dollars a month, which is more than she could earn in such a place at much harder labor, we are able to keep the line open to furnish facilities which the residents find frequent need of. The same remarks apply to many branch offices here and in other cities where business is light, but there is still a demand for local service. If it was not for our women operators these places would not be supplied with telegraphic service at all."

If the public have been benefited by the introduction of the female operatives into telegraphy, the male operatives certainly have not. There has been a marked decline in salaries since the women entered the business. The best operators, giants in their line, who send and take messages with incredible speed, still make handsome salaries enough, as salaries in telegraphy go, and less able operators, by doing extra work, earn good livings. But among the mass of operators salaries have been seriously cut into. Women are doing for from $25 to $50 a month now what ten years ago men got from $50 to $80 and $100 for doing. The pay of operators outside has similarly suffered. Many manufactories and large business houses enjoy private telegraph lines. These used to employ men. Now women do the service at nearly all of them. In the same way, at hundreds of minor country stations, where a man, by combining the wretched salaries of station-agent for the railroad and operator for the telegraph company, contrived to eke out a comfortable living, women now do their work for even less than half their old remuneration.

"And it's going to be worse yet," said an operator, who was standing guard over a Park Row lunch-counter, to a reporter. "For the telegraph colleges keep grinding 'em out like corn at a mill. Give 'em $30 a month and a looking-glass and a cheap novel, and they don't ask any more. What show has a decent man got alongside of such opposition, I'd like to know?"

"Did he say that?" asked the young lady at the —— Hotel, when the reporter communicated the remarks to her, and asked if they were true.

"He did."

The young lady tapped the lever of her instrument with expressive vehemence.

"Well, all I've got to say is that he is an operator," she replied. "I don't know any worse name for him than that."—*New York Sunday News.*

—At a ball given in New York City in honor of the French and German guests, there were many remarkable toilets, and diamonds glittered all over the room. Of these precious stones Mrs. John Jacob Astor wore $100,000 worth.